The Ducheſs of *Marlborough's*

VISION.

ONE Evening as I ſat muſing in a delicious Summer-houſe in *Mountague*-Palace, on the Fickleneſs of Fortune, a deep Sleep invaded my Eyes; which repreſented a Viſion wherein I thought I perfectly ſaw Mr. *H--dly* that godly Lancepreſade in the Church Militant, endeavouring to ſave more Souls by his *Republican Principles*, than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Weapon too, the Jaw-bone of an Aſs. Among the Audience ſo I ſaw General *S——pe*, liſt'ning like a Sow in Beans, as being one of *Mars*'s Lay-Eiders, and is the like Sectary in Arms as the Platonick is in Love, keeps a fluttering in Diſcourſe, but proves haggard in the Action. Next to him ſat *C——r*, who was once the Nation's Tribunal, when all Cauſes fell to his Cognizance, as in a great Infection all Diſeaſes turn'd off to the Plague. There was Sir *J. M——e* ſat as demure as a Whore at a Chriſtning, drawn like *Janus*, with Croſs and Pile in his Countenance. Next to whom the Lord *C——*, and Right Worſhipful R——, who were going to bind up their *Dalton* and *Raſtal*'s Statutes in Buff, when the Low-Church was going to inſult over the High-Church, but that their two Places made 'em lay down Military Employments. There was alſo the L—— *C——y*, who when he finger'd the Money of the Forfeited Eſtates in *Ireland*, endeavour'd his utmoſt to ruine the Father, beggar the Son, and ſtrangle the Hopes of all Poſterity. Next to him was liſtning, with as much attention to the Fool's Tub-Lecture, as an Alderman ſnoring at a Sermon at St. *Pauls*, the Honorable (as banteringly call'd) once one of Her Majeſty's Principal ——, but afterwards Enemies, in Managing that Cauſe which was for ſtriking at the Mitre, for an Introduction to the pulling down of the Crown. There I alſo beheld the Lord *P——t*, who was for having *Sacheverell* routed by a Grand Jury and a *Billa vera*, and was ſo couragious for the good old Cauſe, as to ſay, *that there was no Syntax betwixt a Cap of Maintenance and the Helmet*. Next. Sir *J. H--es*, who ſwore the High-Church was like an *Iriſh Cow*, that would not give down her Milk unleſs ſhe ſaw her Calf before her; therefore we muſt *make Hay while the Sunſhines*, or elſe down goes the *Whigs*. There was *J. S——th*, Eſq; a very honourable Gentleman for Taxing, a degſubing Face and ſqueezing Look, like that of *Veſpaſian*, as if he was breeding over a Cloſe ſtool, talking to Sir *J. J——l*, by whole canting Ordinancer there's not a murder'd Fortune in all the C——, but what bleeds at the Touch of this Malefactor. There was alſo *N——s L——e*, Eſq; who whilſt he finger'd the Nations Money, he out-div'd a *Dutchman*; got a Noble of him that was never worth a Groat; for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but *Dutch* like, he would be draining even in the drieſt Ground; nay alien a Delinquent's Eſtate with as little Remorſe, as the Pope gives away a Hereticks Kingdom I alſo ſaw *J——n E——e*, *W——m T——* and *H--y M——t*, Eſqs; and that true Scot Sir *D——d D——ſe*; all Tarmagants in Conjunction, or like Fidlars, who are R—— s when they go ſingle, but joined in Conſort, Gentlemen Muſicians.

But farthermore in this Viſion, when the irreverend Mr. *H--dly* had done his ſeditious Lecture, the aforeſaid Honourable Gentlemen got into as Factious a Cabal, contriving, under the Indulgence of *Toleration*, and the hypocritical Mask of *Moderation*, of hating Her moſt ſacred Majeſty, becauſe ſhe was a Gentlewoman tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of ſpinning *Eve*; and to help out their falſe Weights of Allegiance with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, they were contriving with their peremptory Scales to doom their Sovereign with a *Mene Tekel*, in caſe they had cow'd the Mitre, which they knew to be always a ſupporter of the ſame. But at length in my Viſion methought all the Fiends of Hell aſcended from the bottomleſs Pit on a ſudden, headed by *J—— D——*, Eſq; who made himſelf an Evidence againſt his Accomplices, whereupon his Accuſation being true, they were all tumbled into a vaſt Abyſs, without any Favour or Mercy ſhew'd them; whilſt *Purchas* and *Damery* ſtanding by to ſee the ſame, they clapt their Hands together, and cry'd out thus;

Rejoice, rejoice, th' Eſtabliſht Church,
We are not yet left in the Lurch,
For God's above the Devil ſtill,
Nay, will be ſo, do what ye will.
Allegiance then to ANNA *pay,*
And Low Church muſt the High obey.

At which the High-Church People making a great Huzza, wiſhing Proſperity to the Queen and Church, it awoke me out of my Sleep, and being in ſtatu quo, *it incited me to make this Reflection, only, That let the Low-Church contrive what they pleaſe againſt Church and State, the Church of England will ever flouriſh here.*